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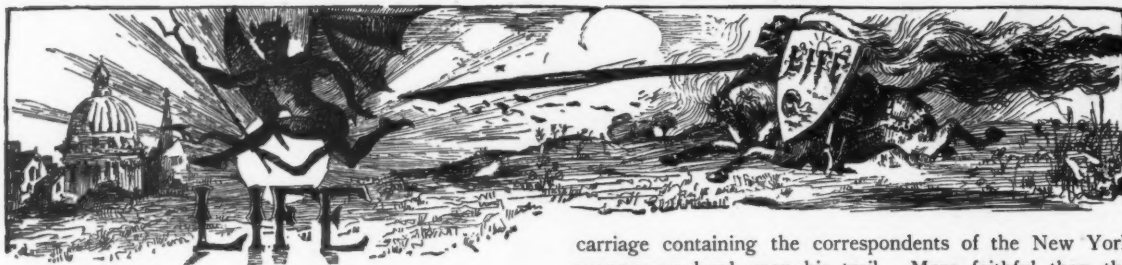


WISER THAN HE LOOKED.

Miss Priscilla Jibb: IN BOSTON, YOU KNOW, MR. SWIFT, WE ATTACH MORE IMPORTANCE TO BLOOD THAN YOU DO AT THE WEST.

Mr. Swift (of Chicago): OH, ON THE CONTRARY, MISS JIBB, WE CONSIDER IT OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE, PARTICULARLY IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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WHO killed James G. Blaine? Was it Blaine himself? Was it Carnegie? Was it the newspaper correspondents? Alas, for the fickleness of popularity! Now that he is dead, not even his chosen newspaper organs find it worth while to hold an inquest. A living Harrison is more to them now than a dead Blaine. Nevertheless, the question is worth discussion, if only to serve as a warning to others in similar circumstances, or to put a chapter of political history on record. Mr. Blaine had matters beautifully arranged. The letters from Florence and Paris—as the Republican newspapers, and particularly the Blaine organs among them, admitted—did not peremptorily decline the nomination. It left the opportunity open, so that when the delegates tired of a dead-lock, each State might throw its vote for the man from Maine.

AND now behold the Honorable James G. Blaine and family mounted upon the top of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's coach, ostentatiously rumbling away from in front of the Hotel Metropole, the favorite American hostelry in London, before the eyes of his admiring countrymen and women, for a tour extending almost the entire length of Great Britain! The start is nicely timed, so that if all goes as is intended, the great man will be out of reach of the telegraph and newspaper correspondents until the question is decided. His lieutenants, who are to be on the field at Chicago, are instructed how to proceed. Up in the Cheviot hills there will be no opportunity to reach the magnetic man for a final answer, and the Convention must take the word of the lieutenants, nominate him, and trust to his generosity to accept.

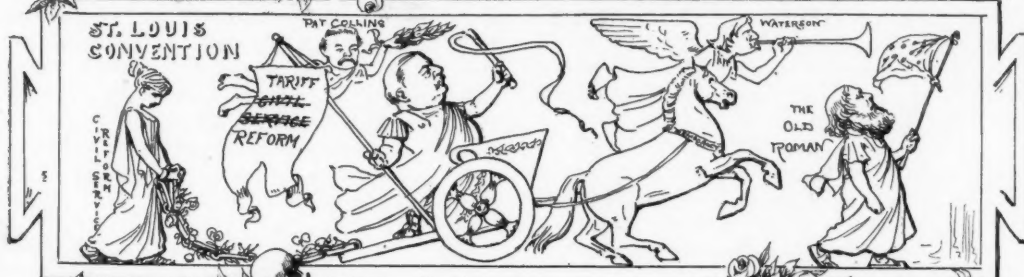
BUT, as the Carnegie coach bowls gaily along the smooth turnpike, between the neatly trimmed hedges, along toward the first stop at Hertford, what is that vehicle that Mr. Blaine distinguishes a quarter of a mile distant in the rear that he now remembers to have caught sight of two or three times before that day? Heaven pity him! It is a

carriage containing the correspondents of the New York newspapers hard upon his trail. More faithful than the damsel of Scripture—where he goeth they will go; where he dineth they will dine; his business shall be their business, and his destination their destination. The New York editors know his route, too, and to their correspondents they dispatch telegrams at every stopping-place, and at every stopping-place the cheerful scribes wait upon the statesman and his host, and bring them the news they do not wish to hear, and all America knows the next morning just what Blaine did and said, and what Carnegie did and said about Blaine, the day before.

AND here is where Carnegie made the fatal error. Fearing that Blaine is over-acting his part of indifference, he tells the reporter of the *Sun* that if Blaine is nominated he will accept. Blaine, fearing that this will be taken in Chicago as an utterance of his own, at once telegraphs to the correspondent of the *Tribune* in London that his party has had no intercourse with the newspaper men who are following the coach, and Mr. Carnegie, to a reporter of the *Herald*, denies what he has said to the reporter of the *Sun*. And this precipitates the climax. Out of regard for his chances in 1892, Mr. Blaine is obliged to state finally that he is out of the race, or else exhibit himself in the embarrassing position of not daring to speak his own mind. And it really would be interesting to know whether Mr. Blaine, Mr. Carnegie or the newspaper correspondents are to blame because Mr. Fisher's friend lost the nomination. Certain it is that if the correspondents had not been there, or if Mr. Carnegie had not been there, the catastrophe would not have occurred.

IT is amusing to note the effect that the expulsion from Germany of the correspondents of two newspapers who had written articles hostile to the new Emperor has had upon the despatches from Berlin. William II. is growing now in public opinion, as voiced in these despatches, from a tyrannical despot to a liberal-minded sovereign. The good points of his character, rather than the bad ones, are dwelt upon, and, altogether, he is becoming a popular favorite. And, indeed, William II. improves upon acquaintance, or, rather, he is more amenable to discipline. His address before the Reichstag indicates that old Mr. Bismarck has taken him to task for the warlike manifestoes to the army and navy. If the young Emperor lives up to the promises made in the address to the legislators of united Germany, the German people and the rest of Europe need not fear evil from his reign; but, unfortunately, the word of a king cannot always be implicitly relied upon.

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.



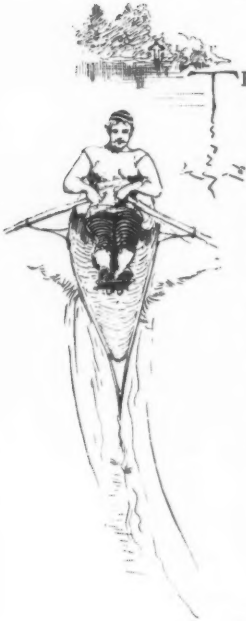
JUNE has been a momentous month. She has witnessed the influx into the world of some few thousands of college graduates of both sexes who are ready to reform existing abuses, solve our economic problems, and set things to running in better order than before the classes of '88 bade farewell to Alma Mater. June has also witnessed a triumph of justice in the renomination of Grover Cleveland for President at St. Louis, and has seen Blaine's wistful glances at the Chicago bulletin-boards from far Scotland, turned back to the contemplation of private life for the future. Governor Hill, all alone up the Hudson, attracted momentary attention by putting a quietus upon the electoral reform bill, but he will soon fade from sight. Saddest of all upon the June records, however, is the death of the good Emperor Frederick III. and the accession to power of his war-like son.





"PURE WATER FOR ME."

IF a body meet a body
Coming through the Croton,
Let the body buy a filter
To confine the mote in.



THE report of the committee of the faculty of Harvard College as to the question of athletic sports is a gratifying vindication of our age and its works. Being asked to determine whether Harvard was running too much to muscle, the committee reported in favor of a bigger gymnasium and twenty acres more of playground. Inasmuch, however, as the committee did not recommend increased hospital facilities, the game of football can hardly be said to have been encouraged, but the enemies of intercollegiate baseball and rowing have not prevailed, and defeated competitors in those industries may hope to win another year.

A STILL HUNT—Leigh.

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL CURIOSITY
—A double-scul race.

AMONG the thousands of summer hotels now appealing for patronage, a diligent search fails to find a single one which has not just been refitted and refurnished, and supplied with all the modern improvements. How tourists must have suffered last summer!

AMERICANS cannot be too thankful that it will not be necessary to drag the financial record of Mr. Blaine out again this fall into the glare of publicity. That is a great boon!

Good-bye, Fort Smith; good-bye, Little Rock; good-bye, Mrs. Fisher. Good-bye and good riddance!

IT looks at present as if this were to be a Presidential campaign without any Benjamin F. Butler in it, a mistake which should be rectified at once. The Prohibition ticket is one that Butler has not yet adorned. Why not let him lead that one to defeat this time?

EFFORTS are being made to curtail more seriously the privileges of drivers in our streets, an outrage which public opinion should never permit to be consummated. What if a few old people and children are killed every day by drivers who are in a hurry? They are well out of a world of pain and sorrow, as some people would tell them. The facts of the matter are that the pavements were made for horses and wagons, and the sidewalks for pedestrians. People who desire to cross the streets may just as well wait until the traffic of the day is over, when Broadway is quiet and may be easily crossed. But don't delay our beer-wagons, trucks and cabs! Somebody might miss a train, or a load of merchandise or a keg of beer be detained a few moments if a driver should slow up his team merely to avoid knocking over an old man whose days of usefulness are passed, or a child whose days of usefulness have not begun. Pedestrians keep on the sidewalk and revenge yourselves by running over any horse that ventures from his proper place, the pavement.



Before

OUR
FRESH AIR
FUND



After

THUS far our readers have been the means of sending more than two hundred and eighty-two poor children to the country for a fortnight. This is good; but think of the thousands who are waiting and may never go! Three dollars will do it. You cannot put that amount of money where it will do more good or give more pleasure. The pleasure is often permanent, as these little children sometimes find homes and protectors in the country who take an interest in their welfare.

Previously acknowledged	\$612.30
C. W.	10.00
G. M. M.	3.00
Harold and Beatrice Bogert	20.00
M. H. McArthur	24.00
John A. Burnham	6.00
L. M. H.	9.00
H. W. L.	3.00
B. L. H.	6.00
N. Q.	3.00
C. O. B.	5.00
Curtis Parker and Family	12.00
Curtis Parker's Little Friend	3.00
Children's Friend	100.00
W. W. G.	6.00
N. S. Jarvis	6.00
Daniel and Henry	6.00
B. A. N.	5.00
"In His Name"	6.00
A Friend	3.00
Total,	\$848.30

CUPID'S GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN we are far apart, my love,
The world is very wide ;
But it assumes a different shape
When we are side by side.

For then 'tis so diminutive
To our ecstatic view,
We half imagine it was made
Just large enough for two !

W. H. Hayne.

WATER PURE ENOUGH.

OLD MR. BENTLY: It beats all what an amount of corruption there is in the construction of the new aqueduct.

OLD MRS. BENTLY: D' you think so, Joshua? I hain't noticed nothin' wrong with the water.

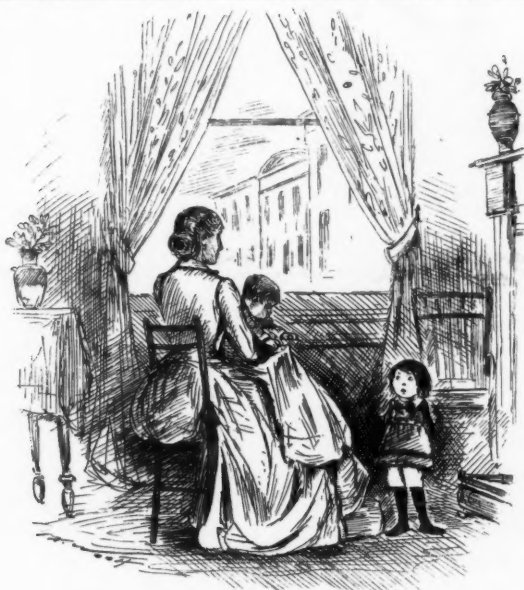
TRUE TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

MRS. JENKS (*at dinner*): Would you like some of this oyster-plant, Mr. Prim?

PRIM: No, thank you; I'm a strict vegetarian.

NEW ENGLAND sent nearly 900,000 gallons of rum to Africa last year, to say nothing of missionaries and prayer-books.

THERE is a great waste of 'rah material in a Presidential campaign.



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

"WILL YOU BE GLAD, SAMMY, WHEN YOUR LITTLE BROTHER GETS OLD ENOUGH TO TALK?"

"WON'T I, THOUGH; AN' IF HE USES CUSS WORDS I'LL SMASH HIS LITTLE HEAD FOR HIM."



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Mlle. Blanche de Montmorency: SAY, MAGGIE; LEND ME FIFTY CENTS TO GET SOME SUPPER?

Miss Gwendolen Stanley: I HAVEN'T GOT IT, LIZZIE. SINCE FATHER GOT INTO TROUBLE FOR BREAKING MOTHER'S ARM, I'VE HAD TO RUN THE HOUSE, AND YOU KNOW TEN DOLLARS A WEEK DON'T GO FAR AMONG SEVEN.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

MISS CLARA: What wonderful success Amélie Rives has met with.

MISS ETHEL: Yes, but I think it's too bad the papers didn't publish a list of the wedding presents.

AN HONEST CLIMATE.

"SIR," he said, solemnly, to a young man who was anathematizing the weather, "do you know that the use of such language will send you to a hotter place than this?"

"It may be hotter," responded the young man, mopping his face, "but it's a dry, honest kind of heat. They don't have any of this blanked humidity down there."

A BAD CASE.

FIRST BOY: Say, is your uncle bad?

SECOND DITTO: Bad? Awful bad! The doctor says he's got shoebuckles on his lungs.

LA SCIENCE.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."



T WAS Betty taught me how to love
For pastime on a summer's day—
A blooming pedant o'er whose cheek
The very breezes liked to stray ;
As sitting at her feet I learned
Such frowns and kisses, smiles and sighs,
Such piquant red-lipped sophistries,
That, faith, I thought myself most wise !

But ere the last pale rose had dropped
Wind-shaken from the August spray,
Gamaliel left me in the lurch
And, flushed with laughter, ran away ;
While I, poor scholar, ponder still
Upon the cruel task she set,
With only half my lesson said—
Will no one teach me to forget ?

M. E. W.



A GROTESQUE STORY.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD probably laughed in his sleeve while writing "Mr. Meeson's Will" (Harpers) and enjoyed the broad farce of the story more than his readers. Certainly, to have taken his work seriously would have argued obtuseness on the part of a man clever enough to know a favoring wind when it blows. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn by cable that he is accused of broadly satirizing one of his English publishers, and there is talk of a lawsuit growing out of this grotesque story.

It is more than grotesque—it is wildly absurd !—but it is pretty good fun for an idle hour when the reader expects to be amused while any literary faculty that he has is resting. The fundamental absurdity of the tale is the expectation which the author seems to have that the reader will believe in the necessity for tattooing the will on *Augusta's* fair shoulders, when there were oar-blades, a ship's boat and a keg or two (containing biscuit and rum) on which the document could have been easily written with the cuttle-fish ink or cut with a penknife or fish-bone. Indeed, the reader loses confidence in the inventive faculty of the beautiful *Augusta* when he finds her stumped by such a simple problem as this.

* * *

THE tragical parts of the story are not impressive—while some of the comedy is pumped, suggesting echoes of Dickens in his most ordinary vein of horse-play and persiflage.

The conceit, however, of "twenty tame authors" grinding

out copy and known in the great publishing house only by numbers, is a rather taking bit of satire.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS makes a sympathetic and democratic plea in the July *Harper's* for Americanism, and not only acknowledges the lack of "distinction" in this country which Mr. Arnold criticised, but asserts that we should be proud of it because "distinction," in the old-world sense, is not consistent with democracy. If Mr. Howells had not been born west of the Alleghanies and south of New York, he probably would have put in a haughty plea for "distinction" as the prominent trait among New England Brahmins and old Knickerbockers.

Indeed, we may imagine that his own *Judge Kilburn* would have made a very strong argument in support of this view, and, with a fine old air, would have led you to infer that he was not without that rare quality.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS .

ART: A COMMODITY. By Sheridan Ford. New York: Rogers & Sherwood.

The Brown-Stone Boy. By William Henry Bishop. New York: Cassell & Company.

The Reverberator. By Henry James. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Story of Turkey. "Story of the Nations Series." By Stanley Lane-Poole. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ON THE BEACH.



I SAY, Jack, old man," remarked the Yale Sophomore, "deuced pretty girl, that one with you yesterday. Do me the honor?"

"Why, of course. But see here, she's Miss Concord, of Boston—goes in heavy for philosophy and that sort of thing. Rather steep for you, eh?"

"Oh, no, that's all right. We'll get along. I've got a lot of bully gags on Plato and Aristotle and those old duffers."

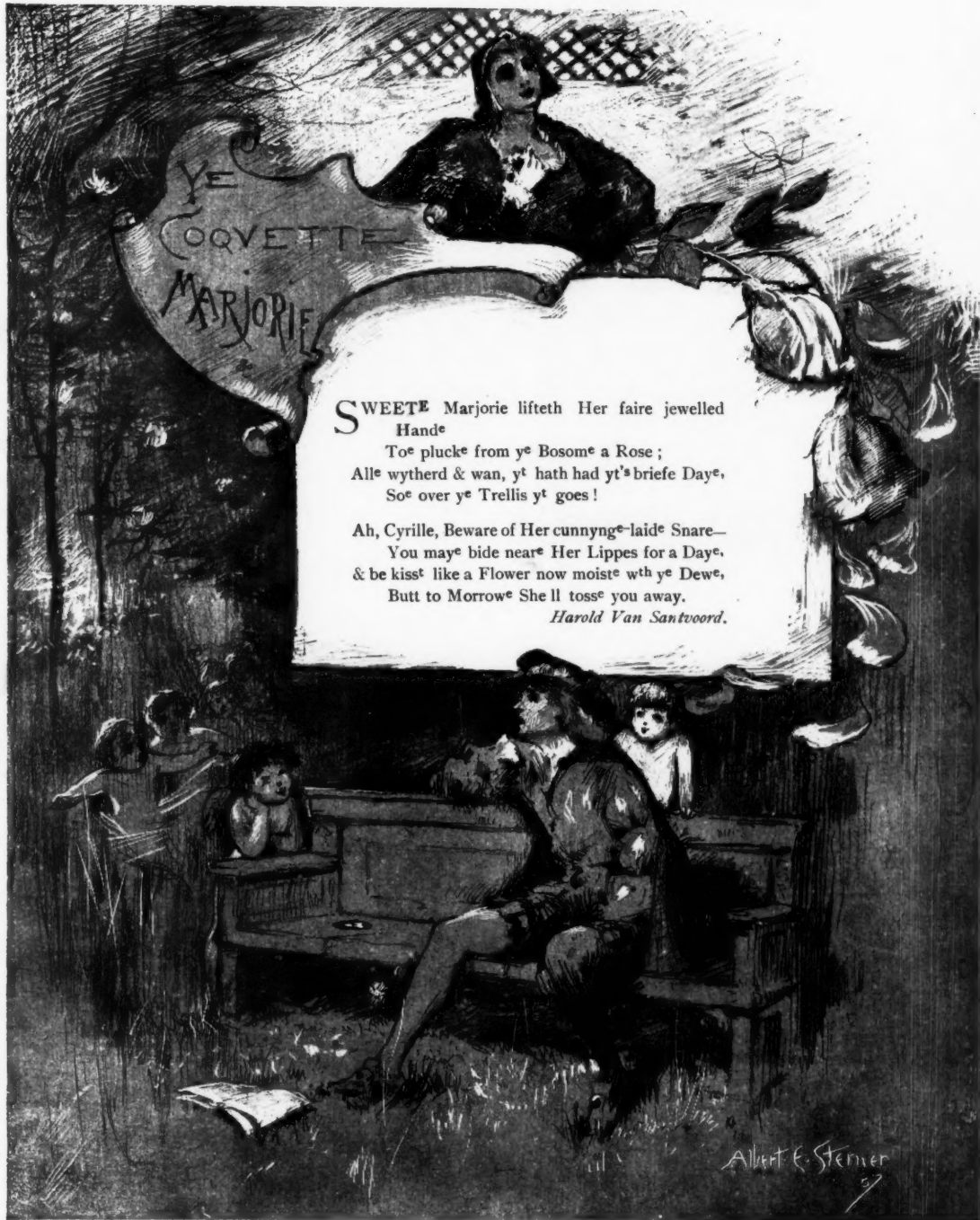
MAN wants but little here below, but he wants that little long—when he buys a Dachshund.

NOT AFRAID OF RAIN.

THE old gentleman was restless. It was getting late, and he wanted to close the house. Strolling to the window, he looked out and said:

"The clouds seem to be banking in the west; we are likely to have a sharp shower soon."

"Yes, sir," replied young Mr. Dinwiddie from the sofa, "I anticipated a storm and brought an umbrella. We need rain badly, Mr. Hendricks. Er—you were saying, Miss Clara—"



SWEET^E Marjorie lifteth Her faire jewelled
Hande
To^e plucke from y^e Bosome a Rose ;
All^e wytherd & wan, y^t hath had y^t's briefe Daye,
So^e over y^e Trellis y^t goes !

Ah, Cyrille, Beware of Her cunnyng^e-laide Snare—
You may^e bide near^e Her Lip^pes for a Daye,
& be kist^t like a Flower now moist^e with y^e Dewe,
Butt to Morrow She ll toss^e you away.

Harold Van Santvoord.

Albert E. Steiner

LIFE

Life's

Great



Perseverance Wins.



COMPETITORS FOR THE MA

A HINT TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS WITH

LIFE ·



THE MATRIMONIAL STAKES.

MOTHERS WITH MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.



THE FALL OF ROME.

EACH summer's evening several boat-loads of large and juicy New Yorkers go down to St. George, on Staten Island.

Each summer's evening several boat-loads of emaciated and bloodless New Yorkers return to the city.

Each summer's evening a horde of emaciated and bloodless Jersey mosquitoes flit over to St. George, on Staten Island.

Each summer's evening a horde of Jersey mosquitoes, gorged to repletion with rich, red New York blood, wings a lazy flight back to the mosquito headquarters on the Jersey shore.

Surely, had Nero known that his acts would have aided and abetted in supporting the Jersey mosquito, he would have led a simple Christian life. Cruel as he was, even his fiendishness never pictured such a thing as the Jersey mosquito. Had he been able to look ahead eighteen hundred years, the world might have been spared the burning of Rome, and Mr. Imre Kiralfy would have had no model for the performance which nightly holds the attention of New Yorkers.

The part of *Nero* provides ample scope for the most ambitious of *jeune premiers*. He is given a wide field—a field something like six or eight hundred feet wide—for the display of his powers. The electric lights also give him excellent opportunities for shading his effects. When he drags poor *Thirza* up and down the stage the audience has a mingled feeling of tragic interest and wonder at *Nero's* physical endurance. It reminds them of a six day's walking-match with *Nero* in the lead and *Thirza* a close second.

The supporting caste in "*Nero*" is excellent. It will be remembered that *Nero* was decidedly a dude in his tastes, and, therefore, was a strong admirer of ballet-girls and gladiators. Mr. Kiralfy has used the knowledge of these facts with remarkable success in planning his spectacle. Judged from the sample given us, *Nero's* life must have been one continued ballet diversified at intervals with fights between gladiators and Christians. If the Christians of those days had been Quakers, *Nero* might have been embarrassed to find fighting material for the arena.

Mr. Kiralfy credits *Nero* with superb taste in the matter of spectacular effect. At least the pictures he credits to *Nero* and presents to us moderns are superb in color and arrangement. The ballet in the fourth tableau is on a grand scale, magnificent in color and effective in movement. One pair of eyes is not enough to take it all in at once.

Of the actual burning of Rome the less said the better.

It is neither grand nor imposing, and if the Rome city fire department had been up to its work, the destruction of the Imperial city as portrayed by Kiralfy need never have occurred. At that time, though, the Goths had not introduced Civil Service Reform into Roman politics, and the fire department was probably in the hands of a corrupt ring of politicians. On the whole, the performance is worth seeing, and could the late Mr. Gibbon have been spared to witness it he might have written more graphically of this episode in Rome's history. *Metcalf.*

NERVOUS FEARS.

BROWN: Is your family having a pleasant time in the country, Robinson?

ROBINSON (*who is having a pleasant time in the city*): Yesh; m' wife writes me enjoying themselves very mush. She shays she's nervous f' fear I will drink too mush ish-water.

BROWN: She must be constitutionally nervous, Robinson.

ALL'S WELL!

YOU say she's a kitten—
You know she's a flirt;
She'll give me the mitten,
You say. She's a kitten!
Well, nobody smitten
Is nobody hurt!
You say she's a kitten—
You know she's a flirt!

H.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

MISS CLARA (*at the sea shore*): How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he?

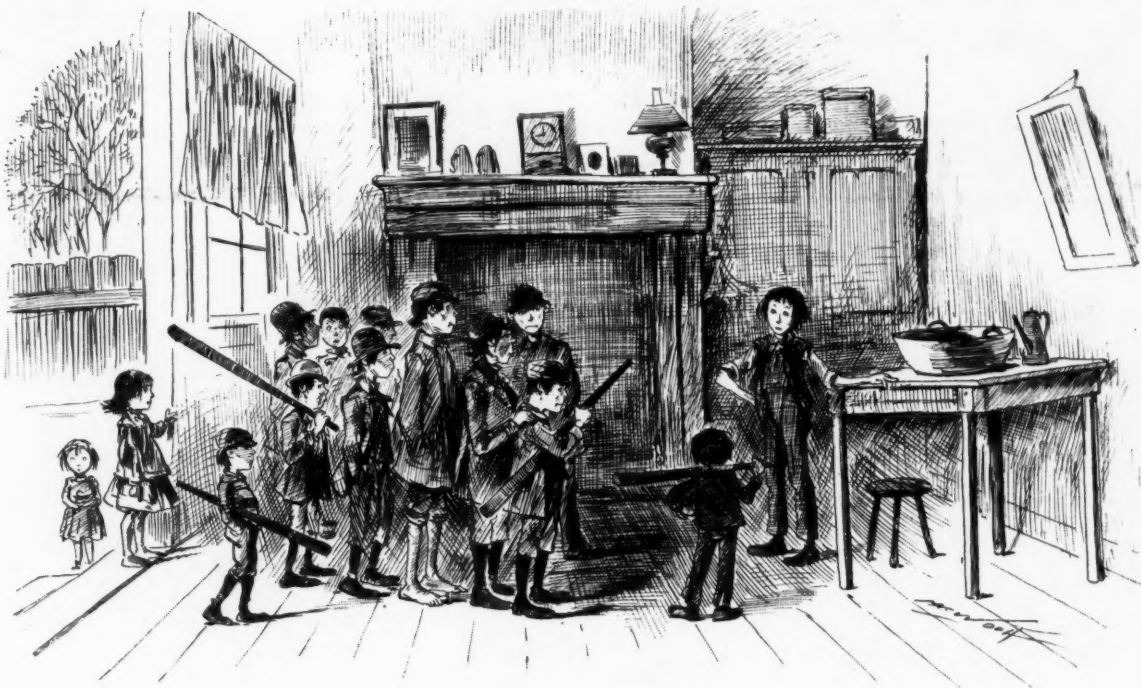
MISS JENNIE: He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's, you know.

STUDYING CONVENIENCE.

MRS. BLOOD (*to the Colonel, who is going away*): I'm afraid you will find this quart bottle inconvenient to carry in the pocket, dear; why not take a pint bottle?

COLONEL BLOOD: That would be more inconvenient than a quart bottle.





AN OFFENSIVE CAMPAIGN.

Billy: TOM, AIN'T YOU COMIN' OUT WID DER BOYS TO HAVE A GAME OF BALL?

Tom: CAN'T. I'S GOT TO GO TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Billy: OH, THERE WON'T BE NO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TO-DAY. WE'VE BIN DOWN TO THE CHURCH AND TIED THE TEACHER, HAND AND LEGS, TO THE STOVE!

Tom goes with them.)

REFLECTIONS.

IT is curious what **Fame** will miss and where it will hit. Edward Everett's oration at Gettysburg was buried there, but Lincoln's little speech bids fair to live forever. Colonel Ingersoll's elaborate eulogy on Conkling is hardly likely to find its way into the school readers, but the remarks with which he buried Judge Gresham at Chicago seem to have crystallized into history as they left his lips.

Colonel Ingersoll says he finished those remarks before he sat down. Colonel Shepard, of the *Mail and Express*, who seems to have been present, appears to have gathered a different impression.

Colonel Ingersoll told a reporter:

"I had said all that I intended and all that I desired."

But Colonel Shepard's paper said:

"His overthrow was complete. He has abused audiences by blaspheming God, and the divine wrath fell upon him in the sight of as splendid an audience as ever gratified an orator's ambition;

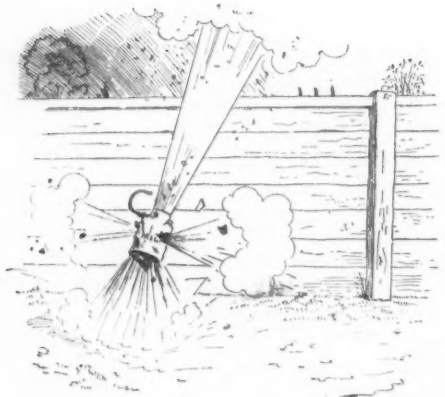
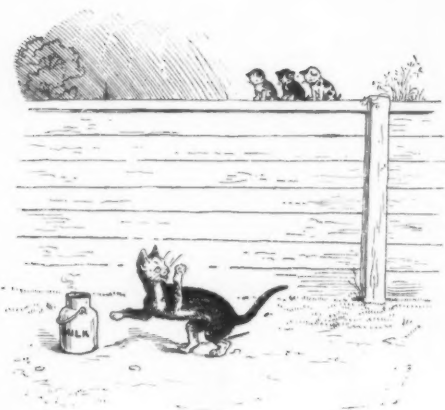
and, angered and beaten, he retired from the field desolate and broken."

So it seems that the Colonels disagree on this as on many other subjects. * * *

THE selection of Tippecanoe, Jr., to lead the Republican hosts this summer is an unqualified gain to the State of New York. It shifts the burden and the heat of an exhausting canvass, with all the future possibilities it involves upon an Indiana man, and leaves Chauncey Depew to facilitate transportation between the extremes of this State, and to coruscate between whiles at the festive board. If there is any American who cannot be spared to be President, or even to run for that office, it is Depew. There are other men (notably the present incumbent) who can wield the veto power, and withstand the climate of Washington, and make judges and postmasters, and do the ten thousand other things that a President is there for—but who is there that could be Depew if Depew should become President?

E. S. M.

AFTER THE FOURTH.
A TALE OF THREE ORPHANS.



American Tourist: IMPRESSIVE? AIN'T IT, THOUGH? WHAT DO YOU S'POSE I COULD HIRE THE FRONT AND SIDES FOR TO SHOW OUR TONIC?

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

YOUNG DIVINITY STUDENT: John is doing a noble work for that little parish out there. Why, one day last month he christened thirty-two babies!

GIRL OF THE PERIOD: Dear me! It must have been just like licking a lot of postage stamps!

EXTREME GALLANTRY.

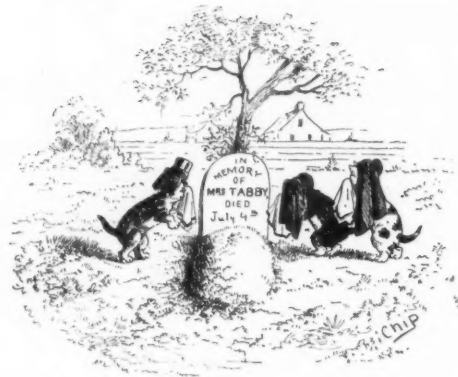
(Ethel and Blanche are discussing a coming masque ball.)

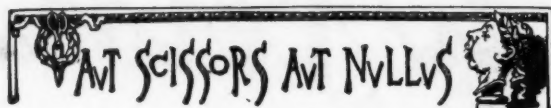
ETHEL: If we go, do let's try and go as something new; I am tired of "Snow" and "Spring."

BLANCHE: Well, I'm going as Malaria. I think it's appropriate to this weather.

TOM: May I go as a *Quinine Pill*?

A TOUCH of ill-nature makes the whole world keen.





HOW TO MARRY.

WHEN pretty pouting lips say "no,"
Don't go
And blow
Your brains all out to simply show
How deep you're plunged in mental woe
And pain;
But, hid in Cupid's ambush, lie,
Nor cry,
Nor sigh,
Nor say all joy has passed you by,
And, when a chance is offered, try
Again.

— Merchant Traveler.

MRS. BLOOD (to the Colonel): My dear, when you came home last night you were quite sober.

COLONEL: Yes, I only drank twice.

MRS. BLOOD (anxiously): Well, what is the trouble, dear. Have you heard some bad news, or arn't you well?—*Epoch*.

THE discussion as to whether Mr. Cleveland is a citizen of Buffalo is foolishness. If you ask what burg he hails from the sole reply shall be, he belongs to the whole United States and the great Democracy.—*Graphic*.

"MARY will you marry me?"

"No, George; I cannot."

"Do you—do you love another?"

"No, but I can never be your wife. I saw you umpiring that game of ball yesterday, and I cannot give my heart to a man who will call a man out on strikes when he ought to have his base on balls."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

HIGH CHURCH RECTOR: I have concluded to abandon the confessional.

VESTRYMAN: Think it savors too much of Rome?

"No, that isn't it; but no one ever comes to confess except women, and I can't waste three hours every day to listen to smuggling stories."—*Everyday*.

MISS M. E. BRADDON's latest novel is entitled "The Fatal Three." But we are assured that it has nothing to do with R—, R—, R—!—*Chicago Herald*.

FIRST CITIZEN: Surely that can't be John Sherman waving a red bandana?

SECOND CITIZEN: No, that's a bloody shirt.—*Epoch*.

UNCLE JOSEPH (just home from India): Tell me, Laura, who's that beautiful lady walking with young Prince Paul of Gerolstein? Some Grand Duchess, I suppose, from the homage they're all paying to her?

FAIR ENTHUSIAST: Oh no! it's Miss Cordelia P. Van Scromp, the American Siffleuse. She whistles "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first!" quite divinely—with fourteen original variations. Oh, you should hear her, Uncle Joseph!—*London Punch*.



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